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V FOR

By Alan Moore
and David Lloyd

VENDETTA



Suggested
For Mature
Readers



V FOR VENDETTA

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V FOR VENDETTA 2

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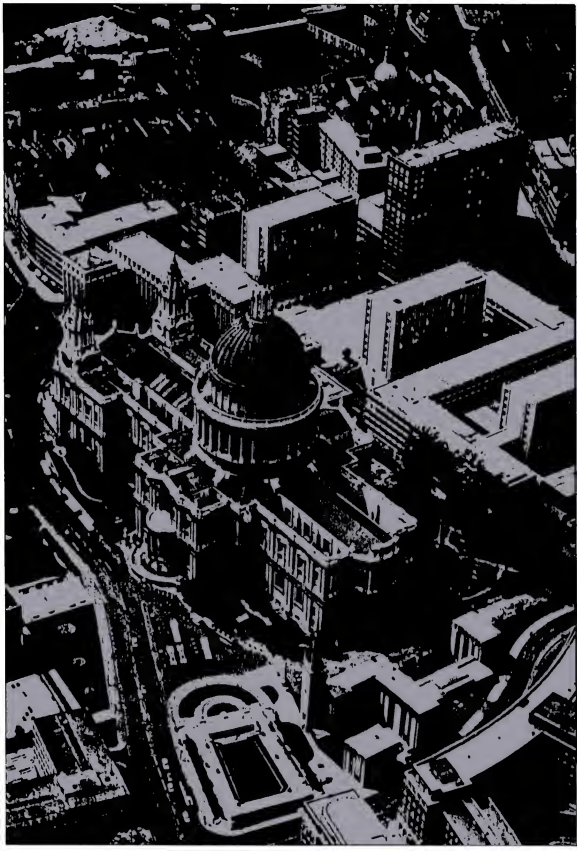
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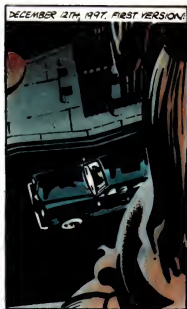








Chapter Five
VERSIONS



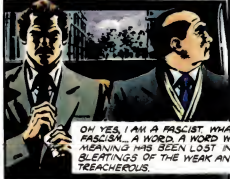
MY NAME IS ADAM SUSAN.
I AM THE LEADER.



LEADER OF THE LOST,
RULER OF THE RUINS.

I AM A MAN, LIKE
ANY OTHER MAN.

I LEAD THE COUNTRY THAT I LOVE OUT OF
THE WILDERNESS OF THE TWENTIETH
CENTURY. I BELIEVE IN SURVIVAL, IN THE
DESTINY OF THE NORDIC RACE. I BELIEVE
IN FASCISM.



OH YES, I AM A FASCIST. WHAT OF IT?
FASCISM... A WORD. A WORD WHOSE
MEANING HAS BEEN LOST IN THE
BLEATINGS OF THE WEAK AND THE
TREACHEROUS.



THE ROMANS INVENTED FASCISM.
A BUNDLE OF BOUND TWIGS
WAS ITS SYMBOL.



ONE TWIG COULD BE BROKEN.
A BUNDLE WOULD PREVAIL.
FASCISM... STRENGTH IN UNITY.



I BELIEVE IN STRENGTH.
I BELIEVE
IN UNITY.

AND IF THAT STRENGTH, THAT
UNITY OF PURPOSE, DEMANDS
A UNIFORMITY OF THOUGHT,
WORD AND DEED THEN SO BE IT.

I WILL NOT HEAR TALK OF FREEDOM.
I WILL NOT HEAR TALK OF INDIVIDUAL
LIBERTY. THEY ARE LUXURIES.
I DO NOT BELIEVE IN LUXURIES.



THE WAR PUT PAID
TO LUXURY.

THE WAR PUT PAID
TO FREEDOM.

THE ONLY FREEDOM LEFT TO MY PEOPLE IS THE FREEDOM TO STARVE, THE FREEDOM TO DIE, THE FREEDOM TO LIVE IN A WORLD OF CHAOS.



SHOULD I ALLOW THEM THAT FREEDOM?

I THINK NOT, I THINK NOT.

DO I RESERVE FOR MYSELF THE FREEDOM I DENY TO OTHERS? I DO NOT. I SIT HERE WITHIN MY CAGE AND I AM BUT A SERVANT, I WHO AM MASTER OF ALL THAT I SEE



I SEE DESOLATION, I SEE ASHES, I HAVE SO VERY MUCH, I HAVE SO VERY LITTLE.

I AM NOT LOVED, I KNOW THAT NOT IN SOUL OR BODY, I HAVE NEVER KNOWN THE SOFT WHISPER OF ENDEARMENT, NEVER KNOWN THE PEACE THAT LIES BETWEEN THE THIGHS OF WOMAN.



BUT I AM RESPECTED, I AM FEARED, AND THAT WILL SUFFICE.

BECAUSE I LOVE, I WHO AM NOT LOVED IN RETURN, I HAVE A LOVE THAT IS FAR DEEPER THAN THE EMPTY GASPS AND CONVULSIONS OF BRITISH COUPLING.



SHALL I SPEAK OF HER? SHALL I SPEAK OF MY BRIDE?

SHE HAS NO EYES TO FLIRT OR PROMISE, BUT SHE SEES ALL, SEES AND UNDERSTANDS WITH A WISDOM THAT IS GOD-LIKE IN ITS SCALE.



I STAND AT THE GATES OF HER INTELLECT AND I AM BLINDED BY THE LIGHT WITHIN, NOW STUPID I MUST SEEM TO HER, NOW CHILD-LIKE AND UNCOMPREHENDING.

HER SOUL IS CLEAN, UNTAINTED BY THE SNARES AND AMBIGUITIES OF EMOTION, SHE DOES NOT HATE, SHE DOES NOT YEARN, SHE IS UNTOUCHED BY JOY OR SORROW.



I WORSHIP HER THOUGH I AM NOT WORTHY.

I CHERISH THE PURITY OF HER DISDAIN, SHE DOES NOT RESPECT ME, SHE DOES NOT FEAR ME.

SHE DOES NOT LOVE ME.



THEY THINK SHE IS HARD AND COLD, THOSE WHO DO NOT KNOW HER, THEY THINK SHE IS LIFELESS AND WITHOUT PASSION.



THEY DO NOT KNOW HER, SHE HAS NOT TOUCHED THEM.

SHE TOUCHES ME, AND I AM TOUCHED BY GOD, BY DESTINY, THE WHOLE OF EXISTENCE COLLAPSES THROUGH HER, I WORSHIP HER, I AM HER SLAVE.



NO FREEDOM EVER WAS SO SWEET.

MY LOVE, I WOULD STAY WITH YOU FOREVER, WOULD SPEND MY LIFE WITHIN YOU.



I WOULD WAIT UPON YOUR EVERY LITTERANCE AND NEVER ASK THE MEREST SPLINTER OF AFFECTION

FATE.



FATE...

I LOVE YOU



THE OLD BAILEY, SECOND VERSION!



HELLO, DEAR LADY

A LOVELY EVENING, IS IT NOT?



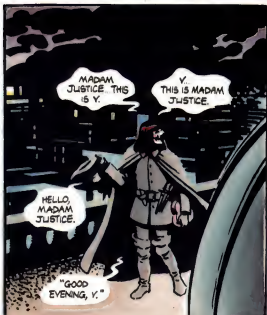
FORGIVE ME FOR INTRUDING. PERHAPS YOU WERE INTENDING TO TAKE A STROLL. PERHAPS YOU WERE MERELY ENJOYING THE VIEW.

NO MATTER. I THOUGHT THAT IT WAS TIME WE HAD A LITTLE CHAT, YOU AND I.

AH... I WAS FORGETTING THAT WE ARE NOT PROPERLY INTRODUCED



DO NOT HAVE A NAME. YOU CAN CALL ME Y.



MADAM JUSTICE. THIS IS Y.

Y... THIS IS MADAM JUSTICE.

HELLO, MADAM JUSTICE.

"GOOD EVENING, Y."

THERE, NOW WE KNOW EACH OTHER, ACTUALLY, I'VE BEEN A FAN OF YOURS FOR QUITE SOME TIME. OH, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.

THE POOR BOY HAS A CRUSH ON ME... AN ADOLESCENT INFATUATION."

I'VE LONG ADMURED YOU... ALBERT ONLY FROM A DISTANCE. I USED TO STARE AT YOU FROM THE STREETS BELOW WHEN I WAS A CHILD.

I BEG YOUR PARDON, MADAM. IT ISN'T LIKE THAT AT ALL.

WOULD I SAY, TO MY FATHER, "WHO IS THAT LADY?" AND HE'D SAY, THAT'S MADAM JUSTICE. "AND WOULD I SAY, "ISN'T SHE PRETTY?"

PLEASE DON'T THINK IT WAS MERELY PHYSICAL. I KNOW YOU'RE NOT THAT SORT OF GIRL. NO, I LOVED YOU AS A PERSON, AS AN IDEAL.

THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO. I'M AFRAID THERE'S SOME ONE ELSE NOW...

WHAT? V? FOR SHAME YOU HAVE BETRAYED ME FOR SOME HARLOT, SOME WHORE AND PUTTING HUSSY WITH PAINTED LIPS AND A KNOWING SMILE!

I, MADAM? I BEG TO DIFFER! IT WAS YOUR INFIDELITY THAT DROVE ME TO HER ARMS!

AH-HA! THAT SURPRISED YOU, DIDN'T IT? YOU THOUGHT I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT YOUR LITTLE FLING, BUT I DO. I KNOW EVERYTHING!

FRANKLY, I WASN'T SURPRISED WHEN I FOUND OUT YOU ALWAYS DID HAVE AN EYE FOR A MAN IN UNIFORM.

"UNIFORM? WHY I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. IT WAS ALWAYS YOU, V. YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE..."

LIE! SLUT! WHORE! DENY THAT YOU LET HIM HAVE HIS WAY WITH YOU, HIM WITH HIS ARMBANDS AND JACK-BOOTS!

WELL! CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE!

I THOUGHT AS MUCH.



VERY WELL, SO YOU STAND REVEALED AT LAST. YOU ARE NO LONGER MY JUSTICE. YOU ARE HIS JUSTICE NOW. YOU HAVE BEDDED ANOTHER.

WELL, WHO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME!



"SOB! CHOKE! WH-WHO IS SHE, Y? WHAT IS HER NAME?"

HER NAME IS ANARCHY AND SHE HAS TAUGHT ME MORE AS A MISTRESS THAN YOU EVER DID!



SHE HAS TAUGHT ME THAT JUSTICE IS MEANINGLESS WITHOUT FREEDOM. SHE IS HONEST. SHE MAKES NO PROMISES AND BREAKS NONE. UNLIKE YOU, JEZEBEL.

I USED TO WONDER WHY YOU COULD NEVER LOOK ME IN THE EYE. NOW I KNOW.



SO GOODBYE, DEAR LADY. I WOULD BE SADDENED BY OUR PARTING. EVEN NOW, SAYE THAT YOU ARE NO LONGER THE WOMAN THAT I ONCE LOVED.

HERE IS A FINAL GIFT. I LEAVE IT AT YOUR FEET.



THE FLAMES OF FREEDOM. HOW LOVELY. HOW JUST. AHH, MY PRECIOUS ANARCHY...

"O BEAUTY, 'TIL NOW I NEVER KNEW THEE."





"YYYYY"

EYEE
EYEE EYEE
EYEE EYEE

SOMETIMES I COULD
JUST PUNCH YOU IN
YOUR STUPID SMILEY
FACE! "Y Y Y Y Y" IT'S THE
INSCRIPTION ON THAT
ARCH IN THE BIG HALL.
YOU KNOW IT IS.

I JUST
WONDERED
WHAT IT MEANT,
THAT'S ALL.

IT'S
A QUOTATION.
A MOTTO... "VI
YERI YENIYERSUM
VIVUS VICI"

"BY THE POWER
OF TRUTH, I, WHILE
LIVING, HAVE CONQUER-
ED THE UNIVERSE."
LATIN.

HMMM. I SUPPOSE YOU
HAVE, SORT OF YOU
CAN DO WHAT-
EVER YOU WANT,
CAN'T YOU?"
I SUPPOSE THAT'S
CONQUERING THE
UNIVERSE, DOING WHAT
YOU WANT.

THIS
PLACE IS THE
ONLY UNIVERSE I'VE
GOT AT THE
MOMENT.

DOES THAT
BOTHER
YOU?

NO.
YES. OH, I
DUNNO.

IT'S JUST
THAT I KEEP THINKING
I SHOULD TRY TO HELP
YOU, THE WAY YOU'RE
HELPING ME. I MEAN,
THAT'S THE DEAL,
ISN'T IT?

NO
DEALS, EYEEY NOT
UNLESS YOU WANT
THEM.

...I THINK I DO. I MEAN,
PART OF ME JUST WANTS
TO STAY IN HERE FOREVER
AND NEVER HAVE TO GO
OUTSIDE AND FACE
WHAT'S GOING ON.

BUT THAT'S NOT
RIGHT, IS IT? THAT'S NOT
TAKING RESPONSIBILITY
FOR MYSELF, LIKE WHAT
YOU SAID. I WANT TO HELP
YOU Y. I WANT TO
DO SOMETHING.

I WON'T GET IN
THE WAY, I PROMISE.
CAN I, Y? CAN
WE MAKE A
DEAL?



IF YOU LIKE, I THINK I KNOW A WAY THAT YOU COULD HELP ME. VERY SOON. VERY SOON INDEED.

YES, I THINK THAT WE CAN MAKE A DEAL..



GOOD. THAT'S THAT THEN. RIGHT.

Y, YOU SAID THAT "Y.Y.Y.Y." THING WAS A QUOTE. WHO SAID IT IN THE FIRST PLACE?

NOBODY YOU'D HAVE HEARD OF. A GERMAN GENTLEMAN NAMED DR. JOHN FALIST.



HE MADE A DEAL. 'DO.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY
DECEMBER 20TH.



WHOSE GLORIOUS FEET IN IRON ARE BHOOD, WHOSE HEART IS TEMPERED STEEL, HIM WHO HATH GRANTED US THIS DAY, AND AT WHOSE THRONE WE KNEEL.



WHO SENT THE FIRE, THE SCOURGING RAIN, OF THAT MOST DREAFFUL NIGHT. WHO PURGED THE WICKED WITH HIS SWORD, YET GRANTED US RESITE.



ONE RACE, ONE CREED, ONE HOPE IN THREE. WHO LOVED US IN OUR PAIN, WHO LET US FALL NOT VERY FAR, THAT WE SHOULD RISE AGAIN!



LET US PRAY.

DEAR GOD, THOU WHO HAS GRANTED US REPRIEVE FROM THY FINAL JUDGMENT, THOU WHO HAS PROVIDED US WITH THAT MOST TERRIBLE WARNING...



HELP US TO BE WORTHY OF YOUR MERCY, AS WE WERE WHEN THOU DIDST TURN ASIDE THY WRATH, THAT WRATH WHICH DID RAIN FIRE FROM THE HEAVENS.

HELP US TO RESIST THE TEMPTATIONS OF THE EVIL ONE, WHO IS SURELY COME AMONST US IN THIS HOUR OF OUR GREATEST TRIAL.

FOR I HAVE SEEN A VISION A VISION OF DARK AND SATANIC EVIL THAT COMETH FORTH FROM THE NIGHT TO ENSNARE THE WEAK AND THE SINFUL



AN AVATAR OF DAMNATION WHO WILL SEEK TO BULLY THY TRUTH WITH HIS VENOMOUS LIES AND SHALLOV SOPHISTICATIONS

OH, GOD, THOU WHO KNOWEST ALL THAT WE DO, THOU WHO ART OUR FATE AND FINAL DESTINY, HELP US TO CLEARLY PERCEIVE THY HOLY WILL.



HELP US TO RESIST THE WILES OF THE EVIL ONE AND STAND FIRM IN THEE. ONE RACE, ONE NATION, UNITED IN THY LOVE.

THIS WE ASK IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, AND OF THE SON, AND OF THE HOLY GHOST.



THROUGH JESUS CHRIST, OUR LORD

AMEN



Chapter Six
THE VISION

HELLO, DEREK. ROSEMARY DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO SPEAK TO YOU BEFORE WE WENT IN. HOW'S THINGS?



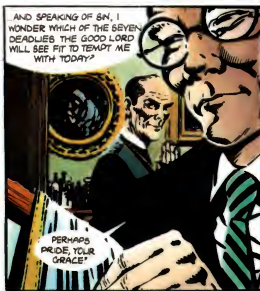
HELLO, CONRAD. HELLO, HELEN. NOT SO BAD. THE OLD MAN'S BEEN RIDING ME A BIT ABOUT THIS TERRORIST CASE, BUT WHO CARES? HOW ARE THINGS IN THE EYE?

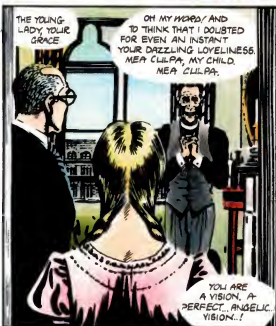


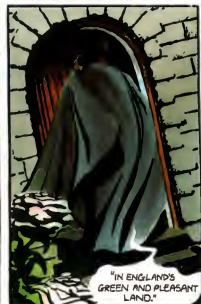
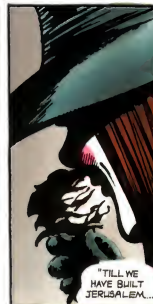
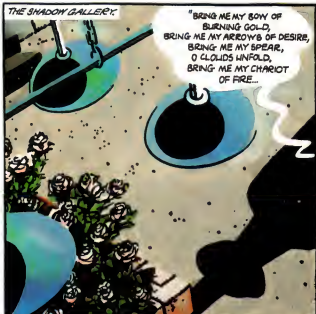
WELL, WE'VE HAD A FEW TECHNICAL PROBLEMS WITH THE MARK IX RECORDERS, BUT.



OH, CONRAD, DON'T BE SUCH A BLOODY SORE. TELL US ABOUT THE TERRORIST, DEREK. IS IT TRUE HE BLEW UP THE OLD BAILEY?

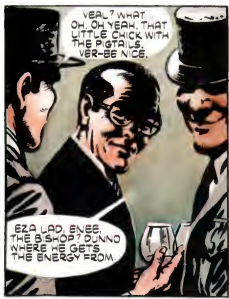
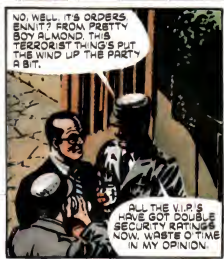




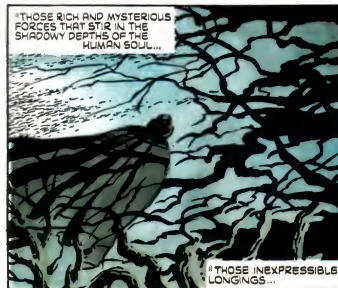


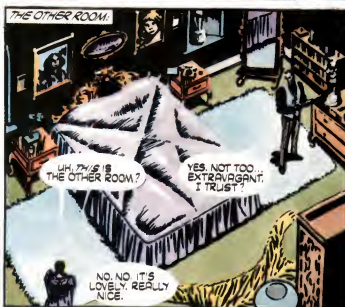


DEANS YARD
WESTMINSTER ABBEY
DECEMBER 20TH 1997



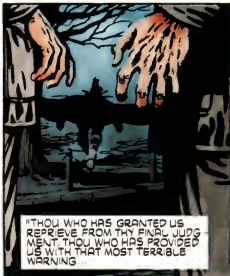
Chapter Seven
**VIRTUE
VICTORIOUS**



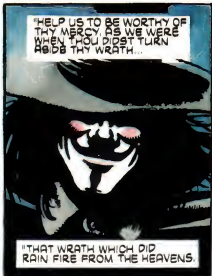




"DEAR GOD..."



"THOU WHO HAS GRANTED US
REPRIVE FROM THY FINAL JUDG-
MENT, THOU WHO HAS PROVIDED
US WITH THAT MOST TERRIBLE
WARNING..."



"HELP US TO BE WORTHY OF
THY MERCY, AS WE WERE
WHEN THOU DIDST TURN
AWAY THY WRATH..."

"THAT WRATH WHICH DID
RAIN FIRE FROM THE HEAVENS."



"HELP US TO RESIST THE
TEMPTATIONS OF THE EVIL ONE..."

"WHO IS SURELY COME AMONGST
US IN THIS, THE HOUR OF OUR
GREATEST TRIAL."



"FOR I HAVE SEEN
A VISION..."



"A VISION OF DARK
AND SATANIC EVIL
THAT COMETH
FORTH FROM THE
NIGHT TO ENSNARE
THE WEAK AND
THE SINFUL..."



"AN AVATAR OF DAMNATION, WHO
WILL SEEK TO SULLY THY TRUTH
WITH HIS VAIN LIES AND SHALLOW
SOPHISTICATIONS."

"OH GOD, THOU
WHO KNOWEST
ALL THAT WE
DO..."



"THOU WHO ART OUR FATE AND OUR FINAL DESTINY..."

"HELP US TO CLEARLY PERCEIVE THY WILL."



"HELP US TO PERCEIVE THE WILES OF THE EVIL ONE AND STAND FIRM IN THEE, ONE RACE, ONE NATION, UNITED IN THY LOVE."



"THIS WE ASK IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER..."



"AND OF THE SON..."

"AND OF THE HOLY GHOST."



AMEN.

TAKE YOUR DRESS OFF, PLEASE.



WHAT??

BUT LOOK, UH, I WAS...



OH NEVER MIND, ALLOW ME TO...









WELL?



WELL WHAT?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN,
"WELL WHAT"?

OH,
BLOODY
STROLL
ON...



SWITCH IT OFF,
NORM, FOR
CHRIST'S SAKE,
IT'S DOIN' MY
HEAD IN.

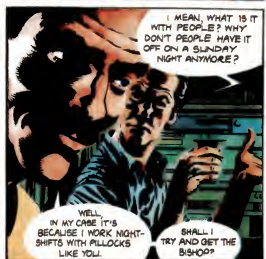
WHAT?



SLOW
NIGHT.

SLOW? IT'S ROLLED OVER
AND DIED, MATE WHAT IS
IT, EH? IS THE ART OF
CONVERSATION ON
THE WAY OUT OR
SOMETHING?

"WHAT?"
"WHAT WHAT?"
"GIMME A BREAK."



I MEAN, WHAT IS IT
WITH PEOPLE? WHY
DON'T PEOPLE HAVE IT
OFF ON A SUNDAY
NIGHT ANYMORE?

WELL,
IN MY CASE IT'S
BECAUSE I WORK NIGHT-
SHIFTS WITH PILLOCKS
LIKE YOU.

SHALL I
TRY AND GET THE
BISHOP?



OH YEAH, IT'S SUNDAY,
ISN'T IT? "CHILDREN'S
HOUR" I'D FORGOTTEN
IN ALL THE
EXCITEMENT.

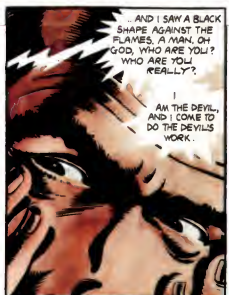
YEAH TUNE
HER IN AND LET'S SEE
WHAT THE FILTHY OLD
DEVILANT'S UP TO
THIS WEEK.

HANG
ON...



... WAS LIKE HELL.
MEN BURNING...
CHOKING IN THE
YELLOW FOG...

THAT'S
HIS GRACE. GOT A
LOT OF MUSIC ON
IN THE BACKGROUND



... AND I SAW A BLACK
SHAPE AGAINST THE
FLAMES, A MAN, OH
GOD, WHO ARE YOU?
WHO ARE YOU,
REALLY?.

I
AM THE DEVIL,
AND I COME TO
DO THE DEVIL'S
WORK.

THAT'S A
MAN'S
VOICE.



YOU'VE
GOT TOO MUCH
ECHO ON IT.

NO... NO,
IT'S TUNED IN
EXACT



I DO NOT HAVE
A NAME.

LISTEN.

YOU CAN
CALL ME
Y.

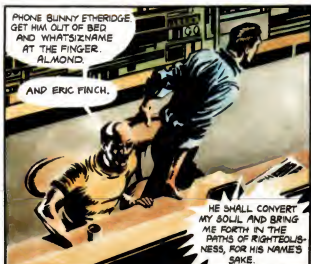


THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD:
THEREFORE I CAN LACK NOTHING;
HE SHALL FEED ME IN GREEN
PASTURE AND LEAD ME
FORTH BESIDE THE
WATERS OF COMFORT.



PHONE BUNNY ETHERIDGE
GET HIM OUT OF BED
AND WHAT'SIZNAME
AT THE FINGER.
ALMOND.

AND ERIC FINCH.



HE SHALL CONVERT
MY SOUL AND BRING
ME FORTH IN THE
PATHS OF RIGHTEOUS-
NESS, FOR HIS NAME'S
SAKE.

YEA, THOUGH I WALK
THROUGH THE VALLEY OF
THE SHADOW OF DEATH,
I WILL FEAR NO
EVIL.

BLOODY
HELL.

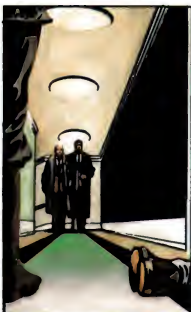
OH
BLOODY
HELL.



Chapter Eight THE VALLEY

WESTMINSTER ABBEY LATER







WHO IS IT DOMINIC?



WHO IS IT OUT THERE?



THE EAR
DECEMBER
21ST 1997



HOW'S IT GOING, BRIAN?
ANY LUCK?

WELL, UM, ERIC
... WE'VE GOT A
PROBLEM. BACK-
GROUND MUSIC.



WE CAN
ELIMINATE IT FROM
THE UM, MIX IN MOST
PLACES, BUT NOT EVERY-
WHERE. SO BITS OF THE,
UM, CONVERSATION
WILL BE LOST.

I
THINK THAT, UM,
COPENAME Y MUST
HAVE INTENDED THAT
TO BE THE CASE...

THAT'S
BEETHOVEN'S
FIFTH...

DA DA DA
DLUM!

HEH
HEH. THAT'S
MORSE CODE,
Y'KNOW.



LHM,
MORSE CODE?

HMM.
IT'S MORSE
CODE FOR THE
LETTER 'Y'.



HEH.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY
THAT AFTERNOON

SO HE SURPRISED THE
BISHOP ABOUT HERE...
THE BISHOP CAME THROUGH
THE DOOR AND RAN
SMACK INTO HIM.



WE DON'T HEAR THE
GIRL WHO THE BISHOP WAS
WITH AFTER THAT POINT SO I
THINK IT'S SAFE TO ASSUME
SHE WAS AN ACCOMPLICE
AND SHE SCARPERED...



LITTLE
GIRLS. HONESTLY,
THAT'S... WE FOUND
THESE MAGAZINES...

YEAH. JUST LET ME THINK
A MINUTE, DOMINIC... NOW
BEFORE THE GIRL VANISHED
SHE MUST HAVE REMOVED
ONE OF THE LIGHT FUSES,
PLUNGING THE APART-
MENT INTO
DARKNESS.



WE KNOW
THAT BECAUSE THE
CLOCK-RADIO WAS ON
THE SAME CIRCUIT AND
IT STOPPED AT THIRTEEN
MINUTES PAST FIVE.

HE PUSHES THE
BISHOP THROUGH
INTO THIS ROOM.

THEN HE PLITS A
RECORD ON.



THE STEREO
IS ON A DIFFERENT
CIRCUIT TO THE
LIGHTS.

IT'S DARK. HE PUTS THE RECORD ON IN THE DARK.



AND THEN HE SAYS SOMETHING TO THE BISHOP... SOMETHING WE CAN'T HEAR BECAUSE OF THE MUSIC.

NEXT TIME WE HEAR THE BISHOP, IT'S THIS BIT:

...FIVE. OF COURSE. IT WAS YOU ON THAT NIGHT. MY GOD, I STILL DREAM ABOUT IT. I HAVEN'T STOPPED DREAMING ABOUT IT IN FOUR YEARS.

"IT WAS LIKE HELL. MEN BURNING... CHOKING IN THE YELLOW FOG, AND A BLACK SHAPE AGAINST THE FLAMES. A MAN.

"OH GOD, WHO ARE YOU? WHO ARE YOU REALLY?"

"I AM THE DEVIL, AND I COME TO DO THE DEVIL'S WORK."

"I DO NOT HAVE A NAME. YOU CAN C-"

THAT'S A QUOTE. THAT BIT ABOUT THE DEVIL'S WORK.



FAMOUS MURDER CASE. NEARLY TWENTY YEARS AGO NOW. BEFORE YOUR TIME, I EXPECT.



THEN CODENAME Y READS OUT THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

I'LL FAST FORWARD UNTIL WE GET TO THAT BIT WHERE...

RIGHT. SHOULD BE ABOUT THERE

...OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH, I WILL FEAR NO EVIL.

ALRIGHT, CHUMMY, ALRIGHT. HOLD IT RIGHT THERE...



THIS IS THE BIT WHERE THE VALET, DENNIS, COMES IN. LISTEN. THE STEREO SUDDENLY SPLITS OFF.

"YOUR GRACE? ARE YOU ALRIGHT?"

"HE HASN'T HURT ME. BE CAREFUL, DENNIS, HE'S..."

REMEMBER, DOMINIC DENNIS HAS GOT A GUN! THIS IS IN THE DARK, BY THE DOOR.

"ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT, I'M GOING TO COUNT TO FIVE. I WANT YOU TO STEP OVER BY THE WINDOW WITH YOUR HANDS ON YOUR HEAD."

"ONE... TWO..."



HE NEVER GOT PAST TWO.

ALL IN DEAD SILENCE: IN THE DARK.

AND THEN THE MUSIC COMES BACK ON. WE DON'T HEAR ANY MORE FROM DENNIS.

THEY'RE TALKING ON THIS BIT, BUT THE MUSIC NEAR ENOUGH WIPES IT OUT. TALKING ABOUT RELIGION.

THERE'S SOMETHING THAT SOUNDS LIKE "KILL ME SENTIMENT"... JUST GIBBERISH... AND THEN THEY TALK ABOUT COMMUNION AND THE COMMUNION WAFER...

THERE'S THE WORD "TRANSUBSTANTIATION": THAT'S THE MIRACLE OF TRANSUBSTANTIATION WHEN THE WAFER TRANSFORMS INTO THE BODY OF CHRIST. CATHOLIC CONCEPT ORIGINALLY.

THERE NOW LISTEN TO THIS...

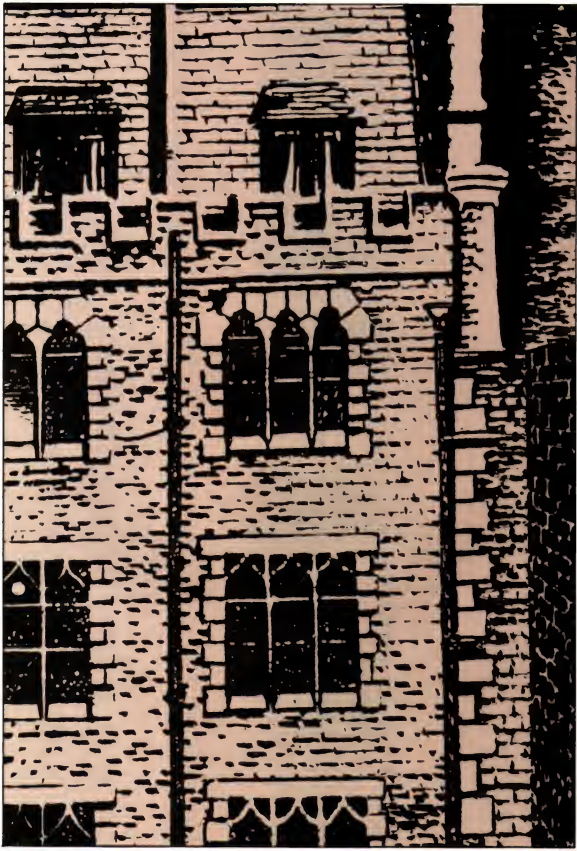
"... AND AT THE MOMENT THIS ENTERS YOUR MOUTH IT BECOMES THE FLESH OF THE SAVIOUR?"

"YES. YES. LOOK, PLEASE..."

"AND WHATEVER IT IS MADE OF NOW IT WILL BECOME THE BODY OF CHRIST?"

"YES. WHATEVER. IT IS NOW. WHATEVER."





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